OFFICE, CORNER OF CENTRE ALLEY & MARKET STREET

A Family Dewspaper-Devoted to Bolitics, Alterature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic Dews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 29.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848.

OLD SERIES VOL. 9, NO. 13.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN-THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO OLLARS per ansum to be paid half yearly in advance, to paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the face, to insure attention, must be POST PAID. TO CLUBS.

orchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of insertieg dif-derent advertisements weekly.

Larger Advertisements, as per agree H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW

SUNBURY, PA. Business attended to in the Counties of Nor humlerland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia. Refer to: P. & A. Revount. Lower & Barron, Somers & Snoderans, Retnolds, McFarland & Co. Philad. SPERING, Good & Co.,

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Blank Books, Writing Paper, and Stationary, Wholes 2'e and Retail. Our prices are much lower than the REGULAR price. Libraries and small parcels of isons purchased. Books imported to order from London. iladelphia, April 1, 1848—y

PORTER & ENGLISE, GROCERS COMMISSION MERCHANTS and Dealers in Seeds, No. 3, Arch St. PHILADELPHIA.

Constantly on hand a general assortment of GROCERIES, TEAS, WINES, SEEDS, LIQUORS, &c. To which they respectfully invite the attention

of the public. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange or Groceries or sold on Commission.

Philad. April 1, 1848—

BASKET MANUFACTORY. No. 15 South Second street East side, down stairs PHILADELPHIA.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and HENRY COULTER, the public, that he constantly keeps on and a large assortment of chi drens willow Coaches, Chairs, Cradles, market and traveling baskets, and every variety of basket work

Country Merchants and others who wish to surchase such articles, good and cheap, would to well to call on him, as they are all manufacared by him inthe best manne Philade'phia, June 3, 1848 .-- 1y

CARD & SEAL ENGRAVING.

WM. G. MASON. 16 Chesnut st. 3 doors above 2nd st., Philadelphia Engraver of BUSINESS & VISITING CARDS. Watch papers, Labels, Door plates, Seals and Stamps for Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c., &c.—Always on hand a general assortment of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality. Dog Collars in great variety. Engravers tools

Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Dia-Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually

attended to. Philadelphia, April 1, 1848-y

MEVER PIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES. THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-BRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS. at this place. These Pianos have a plain, massive and heautiful exterior finish, and, for depth of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the United States These instruments are highly approved of by

For qualities of tone, touch and keeping is tone upon Concert pitch, they cannot be sucpassed by either American or European Pianos.

Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V. Music in this and other cities. Wallace, Vieux Temps, and his sister, the cele-brated Pianist, and many others of the most distinquished performers, have given these instru-

ments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the They have also received the first notice of the three last Exhibitions, and the last Silver Medal by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded to them, which, with other premiums from the same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 52 south Fourth st.

Another Silver Medal was awarded to C.

Meyer, by the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was awarded to C. Meyer for his Pianos, although it had been awarded at the exhibition of the year before, on the ground that he had made still great-

ast 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847, Meyer received the first silver Medal and Discount of the best source Piano in the exhibition oms, for the best square Pisno in the exhibition These Pisnos will be sold at the manufactu-These Planes will adelphia prices, if not something fewer. Persons are requested to call and examine for themselves, at the residence of the subscriber.

H. B. MASSER.

Sunbury, April 8, 1848.—

THE CHEAP Brush, Comb and Variety STORE.

BOCKIUS AND BROTHER, BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES No 96 North Third, below Race St. and North East conner of Third and Market street,

WHERE they offer for sale a general assortwhere they offer for sale a general assortment of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and
varieties which they are determined to sell
flower than can be purchased e'sewhere.
Country Merchants and others Purchasing in
the above line will find it to their advantage to
call before purchasing elsewhere as the quality
and prices will be fully guaranteed against all
competition.

Philadelphia, June 3, 1948-15

CHRISTMAS TALE.

From Godey's Lady's Book. CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS. his fancy.

to himself.

promise,"

formed."

I am not so sure of that,' he added, after

'That's better,' he at length said, rising

Jane, and let the other go in the way I

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy

Better let it all go in the other direc-

tion,' he said after thinking awhile longer;

little false impression that may have been

To the conclusion at which Edward arri-

red, he remained firm. No present of any

kind was made to his betrothed or her sis-

Christmas eve proved to be one of unu-

sual inclemency. The snow had been fall-

ing all day, driven into every nook and

corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing northeaster; and now, although the wind

had ceased to roar among the chimneys and

to whirl the snow with bliuding violence

into the face of any one who ventured

abroad, the broad flakes were falling slowly

but more heavily than since morning, though

the ground was covered already to the depth

of many inches. It was a night to make

the poor feel sober as they gatheren more

closely around their small fires, and thought

of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who

had been at work in a printing-office all

day, stood near the desk of his employer,

waiting to receive his week's wages and go

home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give

something, and seemed disappointed. The

printer noticed this, and at once compre-

The boy stopped and turned around: as

he did so, the printer took up a half dollar

from the desk, and holding it between his

'You've been a very good boy, John,

think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's

John's countenance was lit up in an in-

fortable pair of shoes, and he said-

John, without hesitation.

wrote the order.

this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

'Very well; I'll write you an order on

food to her little household.

hended its meaning.
'John,' he said kindly.

half a dollar for you.'

fingers, said-

work: "to-morrow is Christmas."

the omission was viewed.

a pause. And then he sat in quite a mu-

sing mood for some minutes.

to a better purpose."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't he make you a present of any-thing, Lizzy !" asked Margaret Granger of

her cousin Lizzy Green. 'No, not even of a strawberry cushion,' spoke up Lizzy's sister Jane, 'that he might have bought for a six-pense. I think he's a right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I do; and if he doesn't keep Lizzy on bread and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green.'

'I wouldn't have him," said Margaret, jesting, yet half in earnest. 'Let Christmas go by and not make his sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value! He must have a penny soul. Why, Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflets of Memory' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And Cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of Mrs. Hall's Sketches,' the most interesting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things .-Why my table is full of presents.'

You have been quite fortunate,' said ter if necessary, and do away with any Lizzy, in a quiet voice; much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate.

But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good-will and affecter, and the reader has seen in what light tion in this holiday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

'Nothing of the kind was needed, Cousin Maggy, as an expression of his feelings towards me,' replied Lizzy. He knew that I understood their true quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless for-

You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season.

'Certainly he might,' said Jane. 'Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course, there is no cause for the omission but meanness-that's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly.'

'It isn't right to say that, sister," remarked Lizzy. Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season-and good reasons, I am well assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it.

'Well, I do then," said Cousin Margaret. 'Why, if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes dollars that were due him for the week's

mas present. 'Yes-or borrow or beg the money, chimed in Jane.

'Every one must do as he or she think's best' replied Lizzy. 'As for me, I am content to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it.

But notwithstanding Lizzy said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed -more, perhaps, on account of the appear-ance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything to do with the omission.

I wish Edward had made Lizzy son kind of a present,' said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holiday had passed; 'if it' had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since; and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I'm afraid

he is a little close.' Better that he should be so than too free,' replied Mr. Green: "though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly.'

'He is doing very well.' 'He gets a salary of eight hundred dollars, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over four or five hundred dollars to live-at least it ought not to do so.'

'He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told.' 'If he's done that, he's done very well,' said Mr. Green, 'and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas piesenis, that are never of much use, say pest you will of them. Pd rather Edward

would have a comfortable house to put his wife in than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish

'True. But it wouldn't have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such

For which trifles he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he

has good reasons for his conduct." Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded

about his meanness to their heart's content. Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good princi-ples, prudent habits and really generous feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he of paper. He tore it up, and then took his might be thought liberal and open-hearted, pen and wrote a new order. but in doing real acts of kindness where he saw that kindness was needed. He had saved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and had a few hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank with which to turnish it, when the time came for him to get mar-ried. This time was not very far off when

the Christmas, to which allusion has been made, came round. At this holiday seamon, Edward had intended to make both Lizzy and her sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be. Many articles,

both useful and merely ornamental, were her boy. Supper had been ready for at | contents of the car to the widow's storethought of, but none of them exactly pleased least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating room, which had been for a long time wantanything until John came home. Little
A day or two before Christmas, he sat | Netty had fallen asleep by the fire, and was thinking about the matter, when something now snugly covered up in bed. As Mrs. or other gave a new turn to his reflections. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed 'They don't really need anything, he in upon her, hearing its heavy burden of said to himself, 'and yet I propose to my-self to spend twenty dollars in presents

merely for appearance's sake. Is this 'Right if you choose to do it,' he replied

> The mother had hardly uttered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

up and walking about the floor. That would be money and good feelings spent "But they'll expect something,' he argued with himself; 'the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spend half the amount in elegant books for Lizzy and

Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered. 'Where did all these come from, John?' she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much

John gave an artless relation of what had it will do a real good. The time will passed between him and the printer for come when I can explain the whole matwhom he worked, and added-

> I knew the number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Netty's size. If they don't fit, the man says he will change poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal. them; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake.'

'And the tea, suger and rice, you bought with the half dollar he gave you?" said the mother.

'Yes,' replied John: I bought the tea and the sugar for you. There is you're Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll all have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice pudding for our dinner ?

boy,' said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed .-Yes, you shall have a rice pudding. But take off your wet shoes my son-they are all wet-and dry your feet by the fire.'

'No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to tress it makes me feel bad.' see if they fit her,' replied John. 'It they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And mother, try yours on-may be they won't do.' To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child

was sleeping. 'Just the thing,' she said.

'You needn't come to-morrow, John,' said the printer, as he handed the lad the two The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked towards the door. He evidently expected

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal some one knocked at the door. John opened it and a gentlenan came in and said familiarly—

'How do you do, Mrs. Elliot !" Oh-how do you do, Mr. Mayfield !-Take a seat,' and she handed her visiter a

'How has your wrist got Mrs. Elliot !tant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet,

which were not covered with a very com-'It's better I thank you, but not well enough for that, and I can't tell when it Which would you rather have, John, 'I'd rather have the new shoes," replied

'How do you get along, asked Mr. Mayfield. 'Can you do any kind of work !" Nothing more than a little about the

shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself,' and the printer turned to his desk and Then you don't earn anything at all 'No sir-nothing.'

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said, with strongly marked hesitation-I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending.

Won't you please write shoes for my moth-The boy's voice trembled, and his face

was suffused. He feit that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said-Does your mother want shoes badly?

Oh, yes, sir. She doesn't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do anything but work a little about the house since.' 'And are your wages all she has to live

'They are now.' You have a little sister, I believe ! Yes, sir. Does she want shoes, also ?'

'She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month.' Indeed ! The printer turned to his desk, and sat

and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations. Give me the order, the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip

pen and wrote a new order. 'Take this,' he said, presenting it to John. 'I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself and your little sister; and here is the half dol-

lar, my boy-you must have that also.'
John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he

snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly

'My poor boy-it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away ?

'There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he, in a delighted voice; 'and here is mine, and there is Netty's!' displaying at the same time three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of

You're a good boy, John-a very good

Now try on yours,' urged John. 'They couldn't fit me better,' said the feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table.

Are you most ready to take my washing

will be. A sprain is so long in getting

'How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elli-

We have to get along the best way we can on John's two dollars a week." 'Two dollars a week! You can't live on

It's all we have,' said the widow. Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more juestions, and showed a very kind interest n the poor widow's affairs. When he

arose to go away he said-'I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions I think I cannot do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good night. 1 will drop in to

see you again before long.' And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselesly in the snow covered street, that its approach had not been ob-served. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

'Is this Mrs. Elliot's ?' asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

'Yes sir,' replied John.
'Very well, Pve got a Christmas present for her, I rather think, so hold open the door until I bring it in.'

John had been trying on his new shoes and had got them laced up about his ancles just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a useless souvenire and petty trifles, that might twinkling. It did not take long with do a lasting good, if the stream of kind feelJohn's active assistance, to transfer the ings were turned into a better channel."

ing in almost everything.

'Good night to you madam,' said the carman as he was retiring, 'and may to-mor-row be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It isn't every one that has a friend like yours.'

'No-and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliot fervently, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her chil-

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. I consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour, Then there was a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molosses, butter, etc.: some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes-besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to to their use. A large chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton

of coal. Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap economical one, designed expressly for the

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat 'I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot.-It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I shouldn't wonder if she stood

to earn anything and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot.' You go and see her Lizzy,' said Jane. I don't care about visiting poor people in dis-

dren, and only one of them is old enough

To relieve their wants, Jane ought to make you feel good, said Mrs. Green I know it ought but I had rather not go.

'Oh yes, Jane,' said Lizzy, "you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot who knows how much she may have suf-

'Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy, I want you to

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so Now take off your wet ones, and dry your deal of reluctance. Like a great many others she had no objection to doing so, but to look suffering in the face was to revolting too her ensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble some of the widow, they found everything comfortable neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and, though the day was very cold diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting a long, and if she stood in need of any thing .- To the last question she re-

plied-"I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me a Christmas. He sent me this nice little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all-besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who didn't really need any two dollars a week. Mrs. Elliot, that is thing, and who might forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season Soon after he was gone, a man brought a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove

and coal came." Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow and in whose eyes was bright light.

'Then you do not need anything?' said

'No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour meal, and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance."

Forgive me, sister, for my light words aabout Edward,' said Jane, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. 'He is generous and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made a present of the most costly remembrancer he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him."

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she ould think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings. When Jane told for the kindness he had shown his daughter, her father about the widow-Lizzy was but begged of him to discontinue his suit, at modestly silent on the subject-Mr. Green least for the present, on account of her exsaid-

'That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!'-Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak approvingly of her lover. "Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must

take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in seless souvenire and petty trifles, that might

## SELECT POETRY.

SOGERING IN MEXICO. This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October A chap could clear right out from there eft only

looked like rainin'. Au' th' Cunnles, too, could kiver up their with bandanners.

An' send the insines skootin' to the bar roo their banners. (Fear o' gittin on 'em spotted,) an' a faller could cry quarter

fired away his ramrod arter tu muc

an' water. This sort o' thing aint jest like thet-I wish the wuz furder-Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind

low fer murder. (Wy I've worked out to slarterin some for De Cephas Billins, n the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched

ten shillins.) There's sutthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller comes so nateral to think about a hempen

lar: It's glory, but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git a cal-I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus

But when it comes to kein' killed-I tell ye I felt streaked The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz. peaked.

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez opperlunt ez thunder, With shiploads o' gold images an' varus sorts o' plunder:

Wal, 'fore I vullinteered, I thought this country wuz a sort o' Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Landflowin with rum

in need of something. She has two chil-Ware propaty growed up like time, without An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our Yankee

> Ware nateral advantages were pufficly amazin', Ware every rock there wuz about with precious stons wuz blazin'. Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez thick

But then, thinks I, at any rate there's glory to be

you could cram 'em,

next, an' so on--

would like 'em;

hedout so bad;

found the thanks Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low The Gin'rals got the biggest sheer, the Countes

We never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on; . . . . . . . Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at last there's

Thing in the bills we aint hed vit, an' thet's CLOBIOUS PUNT once we git to Mexico, we fairly may pres

All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy. I'll tell ye wut my revels wuz, an' see how you

We never gut inside the hall; the nighest I come a cent'ry,)

thru the entry, hearin', ez I sweltered thru my passes

ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet come

glasses; can't tell off the bill o' fare the Gineral's hed in-All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles

An' not a hundred miles away frum ware child wuz posted, Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an' biled

The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever come to

crossed in love, committed suicide last month under circumstances which produced a very painful sensation in the parish. Deceased esteemed. About six months ago he formed lady of sixteen, he showed much attention. becoming at length a constant visitor at the house. Finally he wrote to Miss Bull, inclosing her a handsome present, which, with the letter, she placed in the hands of her fa. ther, who the same day wrote a note in reply which in friendly terms thanked Mr. Browne treme youth, this communication produced a state of frenzy that led to the catastrophe in

The population of the Austrian empire is thus classified: 16,700,000 8,200,000 4,300,000 Magyare Wallachians 2,800,000 4,500,000 if they only had German heads

## THE GOLD FEVER.

THE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA .- The gold fever is raging still more in New York than is this city, we learn from the Tribune, "There are some seven or eight vessels in the berth for Chagres, beside the steamer Oregon. The Oregon is obliged to refuse passenger daily. The John Benson was so full of passengers that four or five were taken, at their earnest request, with no better sleeping accommodations than the deck. At the last moment a sturdy German made his appearance on the wharf, with a pick-axe in one hand and a shovel in the other, and insisted upon being taken, agreeing to pay his passage, \$80, in hard money, and to sleep in the main-top, if necessary. We have advices from New Orleans that the steamer Falcon, having discharged her Havana and New Orleans passengers, is full-probably one hundred-for Chagres. According to present appearances the California will have two hundred passengers from Panama to San Francisco, which, at \$200 each, will make a splendid thing for the owners. The cost of getting to San Francisco by the Chagres route, using the mail steamers, is about \$375; say \$150 to Chagres, \$20 across the Isthmus, and \$200 from Panama to San Francis. By taking second cabin passages, however, the cost will be reduced about \$80; and by taking sailing vessels instead of steamer to Charges, the passage may be made for \$250. The voyage via Vera Cruz and Acapulco may probably be made in rather less time, but not chesper. The passage via Panama will probably average thirty-five days from New York. The, distance from Panama to San Francisco is a-

bout 3,500 miles." KEATS, THE POET, AT SCHOOL .- As a boy at school, he was always fighting, and chose his favorites amongst those of his school-fellows, with whom he fought the most readily. and pertinaciously. We also find him giving a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he saw boating a little boy, and obtained the enthusiastic admiration of a crowd of bystanders for his interference. On one occasion he violently attacked an usher who had boxez ed his brothers ears. Combined with his pugnacity there was, however, a passionate An' disput rivers run about abeggin' folks to dam sensibility, exhibiting itself in the strongest contrasts, and in this sensibility we see the author of "Endymion." Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other That's an investment, arter all, thet mayn't turn almost without an interval. On the death of his mother be hid himself in a nook under But somehow, wen we'd fit and licked, I ollers the master's desk for several days, in a long agony of grief, and not be consoled. At school ercises, no less than for the generosity of his disposition. "He combined," writes one of his school fellows, "a terrier like resoluteness of character with the most noble placibility

British Quarterly Review VALUE OF THE BIBLE .- When Sir Walter Scott returned, a trembling invalid from Itale to die in his native land, the sight of home so invigorated his spirits that some hope was cherished that he might recover. But he found that he must die. Addressing his sonin-law, he said-"Bring me a book." "What book ! replied Lockhart. "Can you ask !" replied the man whose works have charmed ever the world; 'can you ask what book ! There is but one!"-Precious Bible! There is no-Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun, (an', fact, it seemed thing it does not offer, nothing it does not give, to the man who feels his wants and out seeks its bounty. Truth that never grows old, riches that never decay, pleasures that never cloy, a crown that is never tarnished, griefs assuaged and fears tranquilized, bright hopes A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkly-clink o' and incorruptible immortality, are the gift of God to all the lovers of the Bible .- Dr. Spring

## CURE FOR DROPSY.

Mr. Lynn, of the Irving Institute, has addressed a letter to his brethren of the Christian Advocate and Journal, stating the way in which his wife was cured of Dropsy. The facts are as follows: "My wife has been cured of that species of

dropsy called ascitics, after our physician in Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by that darned re- this town, and two eminent physicians in New York, relinquished the hope of her ever getting rid of it. We used a great variety A Young CLERGYMAN in England being of appointed remedies without benefit, and finally submitted to the operation of tapping under the direction of Dr. Palmer, when three gallons of water were drawn away in was the Rev. W. Browne, of St. John's Ox. about five minutes. This afforded immediate ford, and for two years past curate of St. Ste- relief; but the water collected again, and in ven's, Swinton, one of the suburban districts about three weeks the bloating was nearly as of Notingham, and of good family, and much great as before. She continued to drink a decoction of Apocynum Cannobinum, which the acquaintance of the Rev. E. Bull, Vicar always proved more beneficial in checking of Pentlow, Essex, to whose daughter, a young the progress of the irregular secretion than any other drink. Expecting to submit to another operation, we thought best, however, to avoid it as long as possible when in Sept last five months after the first operation we went to the city to take advice respecting the time for a second. Just at this time, sister O'Brien sent us word to us the vapor bath, which she had known to be efficacious in some desperate dropsical cases in England 1 had a convenient apparatus made, and commenced the use of it twice a day, 15 or 20 minutes each time, medicated with Apcoynum. In about two weeks there was an apparent improvement of general health and strength In three or four weeks the bloating began to subside, and in two months more, the escitic affection had entirely disappeared, and her general health is decidedly better than it has been for some years.

JAMES L. FREAMER, the late Mustang correspondent of New Orleans Dalta, is about starting to California to establish a newspaper